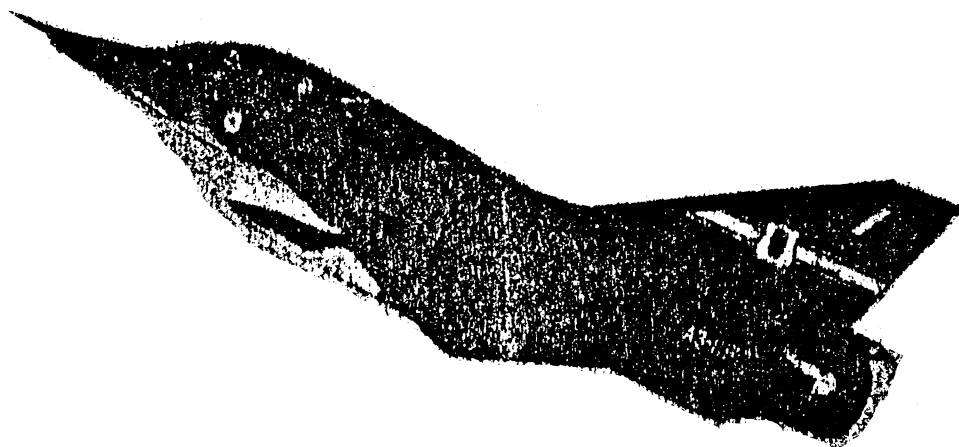


From Les Powell  
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# FIGHTER PILOTS SONG BOOK



## NO. 77 SQUADRON

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ARSE

(Tune - 'Throw a Nickel on the Drum')

It was midnight in old Korea  
All the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped the Wing Commander  
And this is what he said:  
"Meteors, gentle meteors, meteors one and all  
Pilots, gentle pilots and all the pilots balls"  
When up stepped a young boggy  
With a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can, take those goddam Meteors and shove them up your arse".

CHORUS:

OH HALLELUIA, OH HALLELUIA, THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS  
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ARSE  
OH HALLELUIA, OH HALLELUIA THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS  
AND YOU'LL BE SAVED.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing five twenty per  
There came a call from the major, "Oh wont you save me sir?"  
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks aint got no gas  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six migs on my ass

CHORUS

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
The airspeed read one-thirty, I really racked it tight  
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

CHORUS

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground  
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around  
I honked that Meteor in the air a dozen feet or more  
One engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

CHORUS

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too goddamn low  
I pressed the bloody button, let all my babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall  
Now I wont see my mother when the works all done this fall

CHORUS

They sent me up to Kon Yang, the brief said skoshe ack ack  
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Im too young to die

CHORUS

I bailed out from my meteor, my landing was top line  
With my E an E equipment, I made for our front line  
When I opened up my ration tin to have a look in it  
The goddamn quartermaster had filled the thing with shit

CHORUS

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have that quartermasters bollix for breakfast till I die

CHORUS

77 SHOWS US SHIT  
(77 Sunset Strip)

Seventy-Seven shows us shit.

## KNUCKLEHEAD DECEASED

He stood before the pearly gate  
His face was scarred and old  
He stood before the man of fate  
For admission to the fold  
"WHAT have you done?" St. Peter asked  
I've been a fighter pilot sir,  
For many years and ages past  
I've fought the blunties and flew the Mirage  
With the chosen dedicated few  
I've been at Butterworth Air Base  
and parts of Thailand too."  
The pearly gate swung wide  
St. Peter touched the bell  
"Come in and chose your harp, my friend  
You've had your share of hell".

## UBON DETACHMENT

(Tune - Where have all the Flowers gone)

Where have all the pilots gone  
Long time passing  
Where have all the pilots gone  
Long time ago

Where have all the pilots gone  
Up to Ubon everyone  
When will they ever learn  
When will they ever return

Why have all the sword jocks gone  
Long time no see  
Why have all the sword jocks gone  
Long time ago

Why have all the sword jocks gone  
Damn good singlies everyone  
When will they ever learn  
When will they ever return

Why have all the singlies gone  
Long time passing  
Why have all the singlies gone  
Long time ago

Why have all the singlies gone  
Gone to defend us everyone  
When will they ever learn  
When will they ever return

Why the marriedies have not gone  
Long time at home  
Why the marriedies have not gone  
Long time ago

Why the marriedies have not gone  
They are rat finks everyone  
When will they ever learn  
When will they do their turn.

DON'T BURN OUR OUTHOUSE DOWN

Oh please don't burn our outhouse down  
Mother has promised to pay  
Mother is drunk, father's in jail  
Sister's in the family way  
Brother dear, is mighty queer  
Times are bloody hard  
So please don't burn our outhouse down  
Or we'll all have it out in the yard

BALL'S OF O'LEARY  
(Tune - Bells of St Mary's)

The balls of O'Leary  
Are wrinkled and hairy  
They dangle and jangle like the bells of St Pauls  
The people all muster to see the great cluster  
They stand and stare at the bloody great pair of O'Leary's balls.

IT WAS MY GRANDMA

Swinging from the outhouse door  
As if she owned it  
Swinging from the outhouse door  
Ot was my grandma  
Swinging from the outhouse door  
Without her pants on  
Swinging from the outhouse door  
You should have seen her  
Swinging from the outhouse door  
One more time now  
Swinging from the outhouse door

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT  
(Tune - Mine Eyes have Seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball, you can tell aBombarrier  
You can tell a bomber pilot, by the spread across his rear  
You can tell a Navigator, by his sextants, maps and such  
You can tell a Fighter pilot, but you cant tell him much

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home  
I'm tired and I wanna go to bed  
Oh, I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it went right to my head

Wherever I may roam  
On land or sea or foam  
You can always hear me singin' this song  
Shhw me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode  
I'm fatigued and I want to retire  
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago  
and it went right to my cerebellum

Wherever I may perambulate  
On land or sea or atmospheric vapour  
You can always hear me crooning this melody  
Indicate the way to my abode

## GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, with props that counter-rotate  
They'll flick and they'll spin, and they'll sucker you in  
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

NO! GIVE ME OPERATIONS, WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL  
FOR I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE, I JUST WANT TO GROW OLD.

Don't give me a P-39, with an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll, and dig a big hole  
Don't give me a P-39.

CHORUS

Don't give me a Peter four-oh, it's a hell of an airplane I know  
It's a ground-looping bastard, and your sure to get plastered  
Don't give me a Peter four-oh.

CHORUS

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug, and flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

CHORUS

Don't give me an old Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far  
It'll splutter and spout, and whilst airborne, snuff out  
Don't give me an old Shooting Star.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-86, though it may seem good for kicks  
But not with aft section fires, and lots of blown tyres  
Don't give me an F-86.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-39, though the manual says she'll climb  
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates  
Don't give me an F-89.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-94, it never established a score  
It may fly in weather, but it won't hold together  
Don't give me an F-94.

CHORUS

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and AB  
She's fast, I don't care, She blows up in midair  
Don't give me an 86-D.

CHORUS

Don't give me a one double oh, the bastard is ready to blow  
The AB is there, but you'll still need a prayer  
Don't give me a one double oh.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-101, it hasn't even got a gun  
It's pitch up and pitch down, are matters of renown  
Don't give me an F-101

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue  
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often  
Don't give me an F-102

CHORUS.

Don't give me an F-104, with compressor stalls galore  
The wings are so small, that you can't turn it at all  
Don't give me an F-104.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-105, with no room to pull out of a dive  
It manoeuvres quite well, straight ahead and goes like hell  
Don't give me an F-105

CHORUS

Don't give me a Mirage III O, point it down and down you go  
It's a portable prang, causing one hell of a bang  
Don't give me a Mirage III O.

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-4E, in the night with no utility  
Those hard landing drops and those quick barrier stops  
Don't give me an F-4E

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-111, the ride's more hell than heaven  
You can't even afford to boob, in this aluminium death tube  
Don't give me an F-111

CHORUS

#### A LOST FIGHTER PILOT (Tune - The Wiffenproof Song)

In the sky at angels 40  
In a thunderstorm so black  
Sat a pilot in his Mirage III single jet  
Now his engine was a'chuggin and he thought the end was near  
But he didn't want to toss it in just yet  
Now his Tacan wasn't pointing and his radar set was bent  
And the fuel in his tanks was going fast  
So he pressed the transmit button and breather into the air  
MAYDAY - MAYDAY - BARAT - BARAT Save my arse.

I'm a poor fighter pilot on a cross-country  
MAY-BLOODY-DAY  
That I'm lost you can plainly see  
MAY-BLOODY-DAY  
BARAT - BARAT give me a steer  
It's so lonely way up here.  
Just get me back and I'll buy the beer.  
MAY - BLOODY - DAY.

#### PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

Parties, Banquets and Balls, Boys  
Parties, Banquets and Balls  
As Mister Gorton has said before  
There's only one way to stay out of a war  
That's with parties, banquets and balls, boys  
We'll have parties and banquets and  
banquets and parties  
And balls, balls, balls

THE OC'S LAMENT  
(Tune - Ghost Riders in the Sky)

The Seventy Fifth went out to fly, one dark and stormy day  
And as they taxied past, I heard the OC say,  
The Seventy Fifth is gonna' fly, it makes me mighty proud  
To know I have one squadron, who will penetrate a cloud.

The fumbling Third went out to fly, one bright and sunny day  
And as they taxied past, I heard the OC say  
The fumbling Third is gonna' fly, I've got a right to sweat  
They mess around and stuff up, I'll loose my big stripe yet.

CHORUS:

WHAT A BUNCH OF MEATHEADS! DON'T EVEN EARN THEIR DOUGH!  
THE SEVENTY FIFTH CAN STAY, BUT THE THIRD WILL HAVE TO GO!

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS  
(Tune - Five Hundred Miles)

If I miss the approach I'm on  
You will know that I am gone  
You can see the gauge read one thousand lbs.  
    One Thousand LBS, One Thousand LBS,  
    One Thousand LBS, One Thousand LBS,  
    You can see the gauge read one thousand lbs.  
Lord I'm nine, Lord I'm eight  
Lord I'm seven, Lord I'm six  
Lord I'm five hundred lbs from my home  
    Five hundred LBS, Five Hundred LBS,  
    Five Hundred LBS, Five Hundred LBS,  
    Lord I'm Five Hundred lbs from my home  
Not a store upon my aircraft  
Not a gallon to my name,  
Lord I can't go a home this a way.  
    This a way, this a way  
    This a way, this a way  
    Lord I can't go a home this a way.  
If I miss the approach I'm on  
You will know that I am gone,  
You can see the gauge read one hundred LBS.

MY WILD EYED KNUCK  
(Tune - My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed knuck, he ain't learned nothing yet  
He noses her down, when close to the ground  
My wild eyed knuck.  
He slips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks  
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow  
Behind my wild eyed knuck.

### BLOODY MAGPIE

There once was bloody Magpie, who lived up bloody spout  
Along came bloody rainstorm, and washed that bugger out.

Along came bloody Lizard and spied 'im in 'is snuggery  
He sharpened up is teeth and chewed 'im up to buggery.

Along came bloody sportin' type, complete with bloody gun  
He shot that bloody Lizard, right up 'is bloody bung.

The moral of this story, so plain to everyone  
That them that lives up bloody spouts  
Don't have much bloody fun.

### ODE TO THE PROGRAMMING OFFICER

You ought to be dead you old bastard  
You ought to be damn well shot  
You ought to be tied to the door of the out-house  
and left there to damn well rot.

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours  
I've stuck it as long as I could  
I've stuck it and stuck it so now I say stuff it  
My arse's not made out of wood.

### HEADQUARTERS AND FLYING SAFETY (Tune - Dear Hearts and Gentle People)

I love old Headquarters, and Flying Safety  
They're nothing but hot air  
But if you bust one, and take the barrier  
You know damn well that they'll be there.

I read my flight manual, from dawn till dusk  
But it don't go so well  
For when the Board meets, and I go up there  
I know they're going to give me hell.

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly  
For I know they'll watch each move I make  
And so it's Headquarters and Flying Safety  
Watching every rule I break.

### OLD OCU (Tune - When You Were a Tulip)

When you flew a Mirage and I flew a Mirage  
In the old OCU  
Other pilots went to briefing  
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping  
Hotter jocks you'll never see  
We were hotter than Tabasco, when HQ's pulled each fiasco  
Artists all at screwing you  
When you flew a Mirage and I flew a Mirage  
In the old OCU.



## YE OLD BUTTERWORTH BAR

Oh, the pale moon shone on the bar room floor  
The bar was closed for the night  
Then out of their holes came the 'roaches  
And they moved in the pale moonlight.

They lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor  
Everywhere there were dirty eight-legged tracks  
And all through the night, you hear them shout  
Bring on your gooddamn bar snacks!

## SIXTEEN TIMES

(Tune - Sixteen Tons)

Some people say a man is made out of fear  
But a fighter pilot's made out of whisky and beer,  
Whisky and beer, rum and gin  
If you fly the dot you're sure to spin in.

CHORUS:

YOU FLY SIXTEEN TIMES AND WHAT DO YOU GET  
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND YOU'RE WEAPON IS BENT  
SQUADRON LEADER, DON'T CALL ME, I'M WEAK AND LAME  
I LOST MY ARSE IN A POKER GAME.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine  
I got my chute and went out to the line  
Out to the line to fly the old sword  
But the sky wasn't blue and the rain just poured.

CHORUS

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye  
I'd had my fill of hops and rye  
Shot magenta holes in a Mirage III  
Now they've hung my arse from a coconut tree.  
CHORUS

When you see me comin' better break to the right  
'Cause the 77th had a party last night  
My eyeballs are red and I'm mean as a beer  
Believe me the 75th had better clear the air  
CHORUS.

## LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With so meone like you,  
A pal good and true,  
I'd like to leave it all behind,  
And go and find  
Some place that's known  
To God alone  
Just a spot to call our own.

We'll find perfect peace,  
Where joys never cease,  
Out there beneath a kindly sky  
We'll build a sweet little nest  
Somewhere in the West,  
And let the rest of the world go by.

AIR FORCE 801  
(Tune - Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, Oh hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Fuji like I never flew before  
Here the rush of slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun  
My coolants overheated, and the gauge says 1-2-1  
You'd better get the crash crew out and get them on the run

Listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower  
I cannot call the crash-crew out this is their coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP.

Itazuke Tower this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see you're biscuit gun  
My engine's running very rough, my coolant's gonna' blow  
I'm gonna' bend a Mustang, so look out down below.

Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower  
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power  
Well sent a not through channels, and wait for a reply  
Untill we get permission back, just hold there in the sky.

Itazuke Tower this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the final, I'm running on one lung  
I'm gonna' land this Mustang, no matter what you say  
I've gotta' get my charts fired up, before that judgement day.

Itazuke Tower this is Air Force 801  
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done  
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade  
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed.

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,  
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May  
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,  
She wore it for her lover who was far far away.

CHORUS:

FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY,  
OH, SHE WORE IT FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR FAR AWAY.  
FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY, FAR AWAY,  
OH, SHE WORE IT FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR FAR AWAY.

Around her knee she wore a purple garter,  
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,  
She wore it for her lover who was far far away.

CHORUS

Behind the door her father kept a shot gun,  
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you asked him why the heck he kept it,  
He kept it for her lover who was far far away.

CHORUS

And on the wall she keeps a marriage licence,  
She keeps it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you ask her why the heck she keeps it,  
She keeps it for her lover who is far far away.

CHORUS

### BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The needle, the airspeed and ball  
Bless all the instructors who taught me to fly  
Sent me up solo and left me to die  
And if your blow jet should stall  
You're due for one hell of a fall  
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The long, the short and the tall  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet  
I know a guy who is cursing it yet  
For he tried to go over the wall  
With it's tiptanks, it's tailpipes and all  
The needle did cross and wings did come off  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The Avon, the winders and all  
Bless all the Aussies for building this jet  
I don't know a ~~gy~~ who has cursed it yet  
But they really went over the wall  
With two 30 mil cannons and all  
If you honk on the stick, the old Sabre will flick  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The Bozu, the Matra and all  
Bless old man Dassault for building this jet  
All those arabs do hate her I bet  
'Cause Israelis with Miracles had a ball  
With radar, the doppler and all  
She won't fall apart, but spears in like a dart  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The long, the short and the tall  
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons  
Bless all the corporals and fat headed ones  
I'm saying goodbye to them all  
The long, the short and the tall  
There'll be no promotion, this side of the ocean  
But cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

### TOAST TO A FIGHTER PILOT

A fighter pilot is a lonely man  
He lives alone and flies alone and dies alone  
And when he drinks, he drinks a toast to himself  
And this is the way that it goes:  
"Here's to me in my sober mood  
As I ponder, sit and think  
And here's to me in my drunken mood  
When I ramble, screw and drink  
And when at last it's over, and from this world I pass  
I want them to bury me upside down  
SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ARSE!!!! "

## THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
They're all in USO's, wearing ribbons and fancy clothes  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
The automatic pilot is on, he's reading novels in the john  
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat arse  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice  
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice  
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population  
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

## DON'T FENCE ME IN

Oh, give me land, lots of land, under starry skies above,  
Don't fence me in.  
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love,  
Don't fence me in.  
Let me be by myself in the evening breeze,  
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees.  
Send me off forever, but I ask you please,  
Don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle  
underneath the western skies.  
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder till I see the  
mountains rise.

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences,  
Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses,  
Can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences,  
Don't fence me in !

ON TOP OF OLD HANOI  
(Tune - On Top Of Old Smokey)

On top of old Hanoi, all covered with flak  
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back  
For flying is a pleasure, and dying is grief  
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you have  
But a quick triggered commie, will send you to the grave  
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust  
Not one MIG in a thousand, a Phantom can trust

Not when the bad weather keeps the ships down  
All the way we can hear, this horrible sound  
Attention all pilots, now listen to this  
There'll be a short meeting, that you dare not miss

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more  
But we have all heard them, twenty five times before  
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group  
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

SPRING TIME ON THE RED RIVER  
(Tune - When It's Spring Time in the Rockies)

When it's spring time on the Red River and the MIGs come up to play  
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay  
WE'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in  
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin

When it's spring time on the Red River and the Napalm is in bloom  
And your 'winders do the talking and it's just a MIG and you  
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low  
When it's spring time on the Red River then it's time for us to go.

NORTHWARD HO  
(Tune - I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking Northward to Haiphong Harbour  
While Sams on the ground look at me  
Seventh says Go-Go  
But I'd rather not  
It's right in the arsehole that I'll sure get shot

I'm not complaining, I'm just explaining  
So two stay with me through the pass  
Jink through the jungle, make the AB rumble  
And we'll fly up our own arse.

BRITANNIA

Rule Britannia  
Marmalade and jam  
Five Chinese crackers up your arse-hole  
BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG

BLINDBAT  
(Tune - You Are My Sunshine)

You are my Blindbat, my only Blindbat  
You flare my targets when skies are grey  
I chase your trucks from Ron to Dong Hoi  
Just to find they have all slipped away

The other night, as I was flying  
I heard old blindbat say  
I've got a convoy down by Phat Ban  
Wont you head that way if you can

He said he had me in radar contact  
And I believed him like a dope  
I flew to Phat Ban and still no convoy  
He had chased St Elmo across his nose

You were my Blindbat, my only Blindbat  
How could you let me down this way  
My chute was swinging they heard me singing  
Wont you take my blindbat away.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town  
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down  
And drinks his wine as merry as can be  
And never, never thinks of me

CHORUS:

FARE THEE WELL, FOR I MUST LEAVE THEE, DO NOT THE PARTING GRIEVE THEE  
AND REMEMBER THAT THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART, MUST PART

ADIEU, ADIEU KIND FRIENDS, ADIEU, YES ADIEU  
I CAN NO LONGER STAY WITH YOU, STAY WITH YOU  
I'LL HANG MY HEART ON THE WEEPING WILLOW TREE  
AND MAY THE WORLD GO WELL WITH THEE

Oh; dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet  
And on my breast carve a turtle dove  
To signify I died of love  
CHORUS

WE WEE ON THREE

We wee on Three, we wee on Three  
We wee, we wee on Three  
We wee, we wee, we wee, we wee  
We wee, we wee on Three

76 SQUADRON IS A SHOWER OF SHIT  
(Tune - 76 Trombones Led the Big Parade)

Seventy-Six Squadron is a shower of shit.

### SWEET VIOLETS

Now the Cuckoo is a strange bird  
It sits on the grass  
With it's wings neatly folded  
And it's beak up it's arse  
From this strange position:  
It seldom does flit  
For it's hard to say Cuckoo  
With a beak full of

CHORUS:

SWEET VIOLETS,  
SWEETER THAN ALL THE ROSES,  
COVERED ALL OVER FROM HEAD TO TOE,  
COVERED ALL OVER WITH SWEET VIOLETS.

There once was a farmer who took a young miss  
In back of the barn where he gave her a  
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs  
And told her that she had such beautiful  
Manners that suited a girl of her charms,  
A girl that he wanted to take in his  
Washing and ironing and then if she did,  
They could get married and raise lots of  
CHORUS.

The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop  
And she called her father and he called a  
Taxi and got there before very long  
'Cause someone was doing his little girl  
Right for a change and so that's why he said  
If you marry her, son, you're better off  
Single 'cause it's always been my belief  
Marriage will bring a man nothing but  
CHORUS.

The farmer decided he'd wed anyway,  
And started in planning for his wedding  
Suit which he purchased for only one buck  
But then he found out he was just out of  
Money and so he got left in the lurch  
Standing and waiting in front of the church  
End of this story which just goes to show  
All a girl wants from a man is his  
CHORUS.

### BUTTERWORTH

Oh they say that this BUTTERWORTH's a wonderful place  
But the organization's a bloody disgrace  
There's Wing Commanders and Group Captains too  
With their hands in their pockets and stuff all to do  
They stand on the line and they rave and they shout  
And for all of their good they might just as well be  
Back home in good old Aussie with you and with me

## THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the Red River Valley we're going  
For to get us some trains and some tracks  
But if I had my say-so about it  
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
To the Red River Valley we're going  
And I'm flying four in flight blue.

We went 'for to check on the weather  
And they said it was clear as can be  
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field  
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going  
S-2 said there's flak on the way  
There's a dark overcast O're the target  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

An F-100 went by like a whirlwind  
And An F-8 went by like a breeze  
And a C-47 with one feathered  
Went by hosing off his 20's.

To the Red River Valley we are going  
And many strange sights will we see  
but the one there that held my attention  
Was the SAM that they throw up at me.

## PHANTOM CO-PILOTS LAMENT (Tune - Cowboys Lament)

I'm the co-pilot, I sit in the back  
It's up to me to be sharp as a tack  
I never make small talk, for I'll have regrets  
And I must remember what the Captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather  
I read off the checklist and sit back there tethered  
I make out the mail forms and all the reports  
And fly the old crate while the AC cavorts.

I make all the headings not touching the stick  
And look in the scope when the weather is thick  
And I tell him where we are on the darkest night  
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my AC and buy him his cokes  
And I always laugh at his corny jokes  
And once in a while when his landings are busy  
I come through with, "bloody oath it's gusty".

And all in all I'm a general stooge  
As I sit to the aft of this man, this scrooge  
But maybe someday with great understanding  
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.



## MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

(Tune - Ghost Riders in the Sky)

A Miracle got airborne, one dark and stormy day  
And as he raised the under-cart, you could hear the pilot pray  
"Get all those wheels into the well and I'll be safe and sound  
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, 'til I'm back on the ground."

CHORUS:

YIPPEE YI YA, YI YA, YIPPEE YI YO,  
MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

Air defence is here to stay, so we're always on alert  
Just waitin' for a Bandit to gun into the dirt  
'Though we work on holidays, and weekends just the same  
And fly right through the bumpers, it's all part of the game.  
CHORUS

And as our Mirages leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame  
The pilots they all go through Hell, but fly 'em just the same  
The line crew work their arses off, to keep 'em flyin' high  
And watch with satisfaction, as their 'planes go screaming by.  
CHORUS

Day and night out pilots fight, to live up to their name  
Other pilots come and go, but ours just fly on fame  
They're going to fly forever, in the space up there on high  
They curse and cry, and live or die, Mach Riders in the Sky.  
CHORUS

## MEETING MARY

Lately I've had trouble meeting Mary, Wow  
Mary's Man and Pa don't care for me  
To save myself a fight  
An' make everything alright  
I've been meeting Mary by the zoo  
Down by the zoo  
On Monday I meet Mary by the camels  
Mary loves the animals you see  
Tuesday by the bears  
And Wednesday by the hares  
Thursday by the deer, my dear you see  
On Friday I meet Mary by the monkeys, Wow  
Swinging on their little rings of brass  
On Saturday I meet Mary by the donkeys  
And that's where I get Mary by the ZAZZOOZAZZ.

## IN ENGLAND

I wish I were in England, I do, I do  
I'd walk up to Trafalgar Square  
And say to Nelson standing there  
"GET STUFFED, GET STUFFED  
You one eyed pommy bastard!".

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once there was a little girl who lived next to me,  
And she loved a sailor boy, he was only three.  
Now he's on a battle ship in his sailor suit,  
Just a great big sailor man but he's just as cute.

CHORUS: Bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue,  
She loves her sailor, and he loves her too!

When they walk along the street, anyone can see  
They are, oh, so much in love, happy as can be.  
Hand in hand they stroll along, they don't give a hoot -  
He won't let go of her hand, even to salute.  
CHORUS

When her sailor boy's away on the ocean blue  
Soldier boys all flirt with her, but to him she's true.  
Tho' they smile and tip their caps, and they wink their eyes,  
She just smiles and shakes her head - then she softly sighs:  
CHORUS

Ev'rywhere her sailor went, she was sure to go,  
Till one day he sailed away; where she doesn't know.  
Now she's gonna join the Waves, maybe go to sea,  
Try to find her sailor boy, wherever he may be.  
CHORUS

If her sailor she can't find on the bounding main,  
She is hopeful he will soon come home safe again.  
So they can get married, and raise a family,  
Dress up all their kids in sailor's dungarees.  
CHORUS

RUDDY POMMY BOARDER  
(Tune - South of the Border)

That louse of a boarder  
Who else could it be  
While I was away at work  
That lousy jerk filled in for me.  
Oh I didn't get angry  
Though it's driving me wild,  
For he may be the father  
Of my only child!

Oh the baby's first words were mom  
It was then I could plainly see  
That it certainly was a Pom  
And there is no pommy blood in me

Oh I stabbed the boarder  
I stabbed him that day  
I cut him up the old butcher's way  
I sliced off his bollicks  
Now he'll never, ever play  
South of his border, in a coveting way.

LET'S SING A HYMN

Him!  
Him!  
STUFF Him!

## LETS HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round,  
World go round, World go round,  
Parties make the world go round  
So let's have a party.

We're gonna tear down the bar in the Officers' Mess	BOO
We're gonna build a new bar	RAY
It's only gonna be one foot wide	BOO
But it'll be a mile long	RAY
They'll 'be no bartenders in our bar	BOO
We're gonna have barmaids	RAY
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	BOO
Mado out of collophane	RAY
You can't take our barmaids home	BOO
They'll take you home	RAY
You can't sleep with our barmaids	BOO
They won't let you sleep	RAY
Soft drinks gonna be 5¢ a glass	BOO
Beer free	RAY
Only one to each pilot	BOO
Served in buckets	RAY
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	BOO
Then we'll all go swimmin'	RAY
No girls allowed in the ante room	BOO
With their clothes on	RAY
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	BOO
And no dancing on the loving floor	RAY

Parties make the world go round  
World go round, World go round,  
Parties make the world go round  
So let's have a party.

## STREET CLEANER SONG

(Tune - Carolina in the morning)

Nothing could be meaner, than to be a street cleaner  
In the morning  
Nothing could be bluer than to pick up horse manure  
In the morning

When the horses unload  
That's what I really hate  
Cleaning up horse manure  
From four AM till eight  
Strolling with my pushcart  
When the breezes smell like cheeses  
In the morning.

There's nothing more I fear  
Than a horse with diarrhoea  
In the morning  
Why can't they drop those little balls  
That don't stick to my coveralls  
In the morning.

If I had Alladin's lamp for only a day  
I would make a wish or two  
And here's what I'd say  
I wish they would put glasses  
All around those horses arses  
In the morning.

## DRINKING SONG

What's the use of drinking tea  
Indulging in sobriety  
Teetotaled perversity  
It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water  
There are drinks that never alter  
Be aloud in any quarter  
Come on lose your blues.

Mix yourself a shady  
Drown yourself in brandy  
Sherry sweet or whisky neat  
Or any other liquor that is handy.

What's the blinking sense in drinking  
Anything that doesn't make you stinking  
There is nothing quite like sinking  
Blotto to the floor.

Abberations metabolic  
Ceilings that are hyperbolic  
These are for the alchoholic  
Lying on the floor.

Vodka for your auntie  
Gin to make you hearty  
Lemonade was only made  
For drinking when your mother's at the party.

Steer clear of home-made beer  
Or anything that isn't labelled clear  
There is nothing else to fear  
Bottoms up, my boys.

## PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty  
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty  
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch  
A string on the door instead of a latch  
Now there's icepicks and toothpicks  
And all kinds of lunatics, ice dream and cold cream  
The girls were drinking kerosene.

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget  
The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet  
On the night that Paddy Murphy died  
They came from far and near  
They took the ice right off the corpse and put it in the beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
That's how we showed our honor and our pride  
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
On the night that Paddy died.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

CHORUS:

OH, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER, ROLL YOUR LEG OVER  
ROLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN IN THE MOON

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour  
CHORUS

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I were a ram, I'd make them run faster  
CHORUS

If all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a hare, I'd teach them bad habits  
CHORUS:

If all little girls were like little red vixens  
And I were a fox, I surely would fix'em  
CHORUS

If all little girls were like bats in the steeple  
And I were a bat, there'd be more bats than people  
CHORUS

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

I've got sixpence, jolly jolly sixpence  
I've got sixpence to last me all of my life  
I've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend  
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife  
No cares have I to grieve me  
No pretty little girls to deceive me  
I'm happy as a king, believe me  
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home  
Rolling home  
By the light of the silvery moon  
Happy is the day when a soldier gets his pay  
As we go rolling, rolling home

PISS ON THE LIZARDS

Let's all go down and piss on the lizards  
Piss on the lizards, piss on the lizards  
Let's all go down and piss on the lizards  
Till they all float away  
Till they all float away  
Till they all float away

Let's all go down and piss on the lizards  
Piss on the lizards, piss on the lizards  
Let's all go down and piss on the lizards  
Till they all float away

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings until I got the goddamned things  
Now I dont want them anymore  
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die  
I've had a belly full of war  
You can save those bloody zeroes for the other goddamned heroes  
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster

CHORUS:

I WANTED WINGS 'TIL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS  
NOW I DONT WANT THEM ANYMORE

Yes I'll take the dames, while the rest go down in flames  
I have no desire to be burned  
Air combat spells romance, 'til they shoot holes in my pants  
I'm not a fighter I have learned  
You can save those Mitsubishis, for the other sons-of-bitches  
For I'd rather lay a woman, than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster  
CHORUS

Now I'm too young to die in a lousy PBX  
That's for the eager, not for me  
I dont trust my luck, to be picked up by a "duck"  
After I've crashed into the sea  
Yes I'd rather be a bell-hop, than a flyer from a flat-top  
With my hand around a bottle, you can keep yer goddamned throttle,  
CHORUS Buster

I don't care to tour over Berlin and the Ruhr  
Flak always make me lose my lunch  
I get an urge to pray, when they holler "Bombs Away"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
For there's one thing you can't kaugh off  
And that's when they shoot your tail-pipe half off  
For I'd rather be home buster, with my arse, than with a cluster, Buster  
CHORUS

They feed us lousy chow, but we get along somehow  
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew  
Rumour has it next, they'll be dehydrating sex  
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through  
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back at strangers  
But when I get home late, I want my woman straight, Buster  
CHORUS

I wanted wings 'til I got the goddamned things  
Now I dont want them any more  
I dont want to tour, in Thailand thats for sure  
I've had a belly full of war  
With Comrade Mao's country cousins, and mosquitoes by the dozens  
Fighting MIGs of Uncle Ho's, would fairly keep you on your toes, Buster  
CHORUS

I dont want to die, over Ubon in the sky  
MIGs always make me lose my lunch  
For me there's no "Hey Hey", screaming, "Lion which-a-way"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
For theres one thing you cant laugh off  
And thats when they shoot your arse off  
For I'd rather be home Buster, with my arse, than with a cluster, Buster  
CHORUS

THE 25TH OF MIGHT  
(Tune - Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground  
We won't fly 'till the sun goes down  
We fly Mirages  
Go in low and come out fast  
Keep those lighters off our arse  
We fly Mirages

No one here can ever understand us  
You should hear all the shit they hand us  
Mix those drinks and Mix 'em right  
Because we're standing down tonight  
Mirages, we fly.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK  
(Tune - My Grandfather's Clock)

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his dacks  
So it dragged ninety years on the floor  
It was longer by half than the old man himself  
'Though it weighed not a pennyweight more  
It was found on the morn of the day that he was born  
And was always his pleasure and pride  
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again  
When the old man died.

Ninety years without limbering  
What a cock, what a cock  
His pieces of arse numbering  
What a cock, what a cock  
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again  
When the old man died.

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his dacks  
So he lent it to the woman next door,  
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,  
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.  
He'd a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,  
It was his pleasure and pride.  
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again  
When the old man died.

Ninety years without limbering  
What a cock, what a cock  
His pieces of arse numbering  
What a cock, what a cock  
But it drooped, wilted, never to rise again  
When the old man died.

ALL THE THIRD PILOTS  
(Tune - Poor Alice is a-weeping)

All the third pilots ascend up, ascend up,  
All the third pilots ascend up on high.  
Ascend up, Ascend up.  
Which end up? ARSE END UP!  
All the third pilots ascend up on high.

You can take the leg from some old table  
You can take the arm from some old chair  
You can take the neck from some old bottle  
And from a horse you can take some hair

Now you put them all together  
With the air of string and glue  
And I'll get more lovin' from that goddamned dummy  
Than I ever get from you

#### OH JOHNNY

Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, look what you've got  
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, I'll tell my mum  
You've put me in the family way  
Whatever will my daddy say  
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, I'm six months gone  
Three more months to go  
If you value your life, you will make me your wife  
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny Oh.

#### ROLL ME OVER

Now this is Number one, and the song has just begun  
CHORUS:

ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN AND DO IT AGAIN  
ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER  
ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN, AND DO IT AGAIN

Now this is number two, and He's got me in a stew  
CHORUS

Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee  
CHORUS

Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor  
CHORUS

Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh  
CHORUS

Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix  
CHORUS

Now this is number seven, and I think I am in heaven  
CHORUS

Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate  
CHORUS

Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine  
CHORUS

Now this is number ten, and he's started once again  
CHORUS.

#### MOTHER HUMBERS BALL

Oh there's gonna be a ball at the Mother Humpers Hall  
The witches and the Bitches gonna be there all  
Now honey don't be late, 'cause they're passing out pussy  
'Bout half past eight

I've been humping on the coast of Maine  
But the best place I ever saw  
Was when I humped my mother-in-law



SIDI SLIMANE SONG  
(Tune - On Top of Old Smokey)

Now gather 'round closely, I'll sing this refrain  
Of our life in Morocco, here at Sidi Slimane  
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land  
But there's plenty of flea bites, of dung heaps and sand  
The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul  
And through the long evenings, you will shiver with cold  
It's so dirty and sticky, with the heat and the smell  
You'll think you've been buried, and you've gone straight to hell  
Each pilot then swears he, has been wrongly assigned  
And the Air Force Commanders, have gone out of their minds  
While he sits there sweating, wondering why he is here  
The salt from his tear drops, making his whiskey taste queer  
So we'll try some rye whiskey, and we'll try some rum  
And a gallon of Cognac, and the answer will come  
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies  
But any improvement, will be a surprise  
And the boy you will notice, who take it so hard  
Are the recalled Reservists, and the Air National Guard  
But with all of their whining, there's one thing that's clear  
Sure it's rough in Morocco, but it's death in Korea.

THE BATTLE HYMN

We fly our bloody Mirages at ten thousand bloody feet  
We fly our bloody Mirages through the rain and snow and sleet  
Although we think we're flying South  
We're flying bloody North  
And we make the bloody landfall on the Firth of bloody Forth

CHORUS:

GLORY, GLORY HALLELUIA, GLORY, GLORY HALLELUIA  
GLORY, GLORY HALLELUIA, (INSERT LAST LINE OF EACH VERSE)

We fly those bloody Mirages at stuff all thousand feet  
We fly those bloody Mirages through the trees and corn and wheat  
And though we think we fly with skill  
We fly with bloody luck  
But we don't give a bloody damn or care a bloody stuff  
We fly those bloody Mirages at ten thousand bloody feet  
We fly those bloody Mirages through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying up  
We're flying bloody down  
And we bust our bloody arses when we hit the bloody ground.

ALL POMMIES ARE BASTARDS

I'll sing you a song and it won't take long  
All pommies are bastards  
I'll sing you another just like the other  
All pommies are bastards.

## THE ARMY-AIR FORCE HEAVEN

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered fighter plane, a poor young pilot lay  
A parachute hung from a tree, but he was not yet dead  
And as they gathered around him, these were the he said.

I'm going to that better land, where the motors always roar  
Where the egg-nogs grow on egg plants, in the quartermasters store  
Where there aren't no interceptors or enemies around  
There'll be apple pie, and hock and rye and the pilots go there,  
When they die, in the Army-Air Force heaven.

The pilot lay beside the fall, with medics clustered 'round  
Then he said "It's such a lovely place, I swear I'M bound"  
The crankshaft in his liver, and a spark plug on his nose  
He says, "I'm flying fast my friends, to where every pilot goes."

I'm going to that better land where the airmen rise in style  
Where the automatic pilot works, and we sit back and smile  
There's a girl for every officer and a dozen for the crew  
There'll be beds of hay, in the old bomb-bay  
And the boys will shout out "Bombs Away,"  
in the Army-Air Force heaven.

His breath came fast, he could not last  
It was sadness they all eyed him  
The medics wept, the tears rolled down  
The pools flowed down beside him.

The waters rose, they reached his toes  
He floated where he lay  
And as he drifted out of sight  
His comrades heard him say.

I'm going to that better land  
Where the flak don't never fly  
Where bullets are all cotton buds  
And the shells are apple pie.

Where the clouds are champagne cocktails  
And you drink them on the fly  
But it's time to leave, don't you believe  
I'll be wearing wings on the leather sleeve  
in the Army-Air Force heaven.

I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright  
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles  
And play poker every night  
We haven't got a thing to do, but sit around and sing  
And all our crews are women, Oh death where is they sting.

Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling  
Oh death where is thy sting  
The bells of Hell will ring ting a ling  
For you but not for me.

Oh, ting a ling, blow it out your arse  
Ting a ling a ling ling, blow it out your arse  
Ting a ling a ling ling, blow it out your arse  
Better days are coming bye and bye.

## WE SOLD OUR COW

We sold our cow  
We sold our cow  
We've got no use  
For your bull now.

'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES  
(Tune - Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane  
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
And he was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS:

SING 'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES  
AND UNIFORMS OF BLUE  
HE'LL FLY A FIGHTER  
LIKE HIS DADDY USED TO DO.

He asked for a candle to light his way to bed  
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head  
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the bastard warm  
CHORUS

Now early in the morning, before the break of day  
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say  
"Take this my darling, for the damage I have done  
By me you'll have a daughter, or by me you'll have a son.  
CHORUS

Now the moral of my story, as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot, an inch above the knee  
The barmaid trusted one, and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter, to help the time go by.

CHORUS:

SINGING 'G' SUITS AND PARACHUTES  
AND UNIFORMS OF BLUE  
SHE'LL NEVER FLY A FIGHTER  
LIKE HER DADDY USED TO DO.

THE DUFFED DUBBO DIVERSION

I duffed a girl, on a diversion to Dubbo  
Now she has grown, about as far as she can grow  
'Cause she's only got another month to go.

I took her down to Luna Park, and went aboard the dipper  
Then coming down the stairs, I tried my very best to trip her  
It looks as though it's going to be a very stubborn nipper.

She told me many months ago that it was getting late  
According to the calendar I've only one to wait  
Four weeks and a day or two should be the opening date.

I took her to a doctor, I took her to some quacks  
I took her on a motor bike over bumpy tracks  
But I expect a rebate on my next year's income tax.

LET'S SAY HELLO TO 3 SQUADRON

Hello Three Squadron,  
Hello at last,  
Hello Three Squadron  
For you're a Horse's arse.

WREAK OF THE OLD 97  
(Tune - Wreck of Old 97)

There were 97 airplanes running up on the apron  
As far as the eye could see  
Now the first 96 were of recent construction  
But the last was a 51D.

Then a Second Lieutenant wandered into operations,  
And asked for a ship to fly  
They said 'young man we're very short of airplanes  
But we'll get you a something by and by.

No the first 46 are reserved for the Majors  
The Captains have the next 49  
There's only one other ship on the end of the apron  
Said the shirt-tail and that one is mine.

So he flew over Tojon and the Payview airstrips  
When the ceiling began to fall  
The clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain, he flew through the snowstorm  
When the light began to fail  
Then he spied a railroad going in his direction  
Then he said better go by rail.

He flew down the valley and he dodged through the canyon  
Keeping that train in his sight  
'Til the train disappeared in a hole in the mountain  
That was the end of his flight.

It was old 97, with her nose in the mountain  
Her wheels set a kimbo on the track  
Yes her throttle was bent in the forward position  
But the engine was facing straight back.

Oh, ladies, ladies, take fair warning from this timeon,  
Never speak harsh words to your high flying pilot  
He may leave you and never return.

THE WHIFFENPROOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's, to the place where Louis dwells  
To the dear old temple bar we loved so well  
Sit the Whiffenproof assembled, with their glasses held on high,  
And the magic of their singing casts a spell,  
Yes the magic of their singing, of the songs we loved so well,  
"Shall I", "Wasting" and "Mavournee" and the rest  
We will serenade our ladies till life and death shall pass  
And we'll all be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs, who have lost our way  
BAA, BAA, BAA  
We are poor black sheep who have lost our way  
BAA, BAA, BAA

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree  
Doomed from here to eternity  
God have mercy on such as we.  
BAA, BAA, BAA

## YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say  
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day  
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind  
You'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind.

### CHORUS:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
Come and join the Air Force, and you will never mind.

Promotions come upon you, just as high as you desire  
You're riding on the gravy train, when you're an Air Force flyer  
But when you're just about to be a General you will find  
Your engine coughs, your wings fall off, and you will never mind.

### CHORUS

One day you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear  
You find yourself without your wings, but you will never care  
For in about two minutes more, another pair you'll find  
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind.

### CHORUS

Your flying over the ocean, when you hear your engine spit  
You watch the prop come to a stop, the goddamned engine's quit  
The ship won't float and you can't swim, the shore is miles behind  
You'll be a dish for happy fish, but you will never mind.

### CHORUS

I'm flying my F-86, along the Yalu shore  
I'm loyal to the Air Force, but I'm rotten to the core  
I've only got one engine Jack, and if that bastard quits  
It'll be up there all by itself, 'cause I'm the kind that gits.

### CHORUS

Maybe you'll ride the gravy train, in administrative work  
Let other guys light up the skies, why should you be a jerk?  
You'll meet that higher officer, to whom you've been assigned  
With your nose in place, and not only on your face!  
You will never mind.

### CHORUS

Along comes a MIG 15, he shoots you down in flames  
Don't waste your time belly-achin', and call the bastard names  
Just shove your stick into the ground, and soon you will find  
That all is well and there ain't no hell, and you will never mind.

### CHORUS

## I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been workin' on the railroad, all the livelong day,  
I've been workin' on the railroad, just to pass the time away,  
Don'tcha hear the whistle blowin' rise up so early in the morn,  
Don'tcha hear the captain shoutin', "Dinah, blow your horn".

Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah, Won'tcha blow, Dinah,  
won'tcha blow your horn?

Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah, won'tcha blow, Dinah,  
won'tcha blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen  
I know,

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strummin' on the old banjo,  
And singing, fee, fie, fiddle-i-o-o, fee, fie fiddle-i-o-o-o  
Fee, fie, fiddle-i-o-o, strummin' on the old banjo.

## MORE FLYING REGULATIONS

I know a fighting team, that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder, and the days when men were strong  
But now we're regulated, 'cause we don't know right from wrong.

CHORUS:

THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL  
MORE FLYING REGULATIONS, HAVE THEM READ IN ALL THE STATIONS  
BURN 'THE ARSE OFF THEM THAT BREAKS 'EM  
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL

Once they flew B-26's, through a hell of flak  
And bloody dying pilots, gave their lives to bring them back  
Now they're playing ping pong, in the operations shack.

CHORUS

I have seen them in their T-bolts, when their eyes were dancing  
flame  
I have seen their screaming power dives, that have blasted  
Goering's name  
Now they fly like sissies, and they hang their heads in shame.

CHORUS

Now one day I buzzed an airfield, with another happy chap  
We flew a hot formation, with my wingtip on his lap  
So they passed a new directive, and we have no more of that.

CHORUS

So now mine eyes are dim with tears, for happy days of old  
We love to take our chances, for our hearts are young and bold  
From now on we have no choice, but live to be quite old.

CHORUS

## MY DARLING F-4 (Tune - Clementine)

In the cockpit of the F-4  
Trying hard to reach the shore  
But, alas my engine faltered  
Fare thee well my F-4

CHORUS:

OH MY DARLING, OH MY DARLING,  
OH MY DARLING F-4  
YOU ARE LOST AND GONE FOREVER  
FARE THEE WELL MY LITTLE WHORE.

When you're spinning very flatly  
And you've got a furrowed brow  
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack  
Bid farewell to your sacred cow.

All the brass hats in our congress  
They each signed for this here whore  
They are lucky, they just bought it  
They don't fly the ole F-4.

## THE SHIEK OF ARABY

I'm the shiek of Araby, your heart belongs to me  
At night when you're asleep, into your tent I'll creep  
The stars that shine above, will light our way to love  
Oh rule this land with me, I'm the shiek of Araby.

ITS SOP FOR THREE  
(Tune - Theres Friggin' in the Rigg'in')

The fumbling Third has a reputation  
For feeding out much procrastination  
Their check ins are something awful  
Their profane R/T just isn't lawful

CHORUS:

IT'S SOP FOR THREE, IT'S SOP FOR THREE  
IT'S SOP FOR THREE, 'CAUSE THEYSTUFF UP ALL THE TIME

Their daily programme is a shower  
'Causing abortions by the hour  
They often have to 'Burner climb  
Just to be with BARAT on time

CHORUS

They always mumble on, and ramble  
Wasting minutes on every scramble  
So Air Traffic hates their guts  
And Western Hill thinks they are nuts

CHORUS

Their weapon scores are bad news  
Particularly for all the SONG SONG crews  
'Cause their plotting board is too small  
For the fumbling Third's bombs and all

CHORUS

If you see a rough formation, looking like a turd  
You can bet your balls, it's the fumbling Third  
They always fly like a horse's arse  
That's what makes them such a bloody farce

CHORUS

ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh the world is full of guys, who think they're mighty wise  
Just because they know a thing or two  
You can see them night and day strolling up and down Kingsway  
Yelling of the things that they can do  
Or there are wise men and there are boozers  
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang around the metropole  
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars  
They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks for coins  
That's their old ace in the hole  
Others have girls on the old tender-loin  
That's their old ace in the hole  
They'll tell you of places that they're going to see  
From Bondi to the old south pole  
But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud  
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT  
(Tune - Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Force is the life for me,  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor  
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor,  
I'll fly so high I'll pass the sky  
In gravitation I'll defy  
I'll make the ladies faint and sigh  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin  
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin  
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin  
Cried that fair young maiden.

Well I'm rough and I'm tough and I know my stuff  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot  
I'll fly this ship 'til I've had enough  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot.  
I know the struts, I know the fins  
I know the barrel rolls and spins  
I know the outs, I'll learn the ins  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot.

Your out of gass, you must go down  
Your out of gas, you must go down  
Your out of gas, you must go down  
Cried the fair young maiden.

Well I'm a cock-eyed fin, if I give in  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot  
I've made my way, through thick and thin  
Said Barnacle Bill the pilot  
He kicked the bar, he pulled stick  
He hit the ground like a tone of brick  
I'd tell you more but it makes me sick  
Poor Barnacle Bill the pilot.

Here's some flowers for his grave  
Hers's some flowers for his grave  
Many brave heart lieth deep in the deep  
Cried the fair young maiden.

POOR BUT HONEST

Oh, she was poor, but she was honest  
The victim of a rich man's whim  
When she met that southern gentleman, Gough Whitlam  
And she had a child by him  
Now he sits in the legislature  
Making laws for all mankind  
While she walks the streets of Sydney  
Selling chunks of her behind.

It's the rich, what gets the glory  
It's the poor, what gets the blame  
It's the same the whole world over-over  
Now ain't that a bloody shame.



THE TURD FROM THE THIRD  
(Tune - Bye Bye Black Bird)

There was a man, He was no good  
He took a girlie in the wood  
He flies Lizards  
Then he took off all her clother  
And her shoes, and pantyhose  
He flies Lizards  
He took her where no body else could find her  
Took a string and tied her hands behind her  
Walked away and began to sing  
Began to sing, ting a ling  
Lizards I fly.

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

1.   Leader:     The prettiest ship  
     All:        The prettiest ship  
     Leader:    Out on the line  
     All:        Out on the line  
     Leader:    The MIG 21  
     All:        The MIG 21  
     Leader:    Flies fast and fine  
     All:        Flies fast and fine  
     Leader:    The prettiest ship out on the line  
     All:        The MIG 21 flies fast and fine
2.   When we go up and fly at noon  
     The MIG21's leap off the moon
3.   Then they come down and pretty soon  
     A pissed off Tiger lowers the boom
4.   On all our planes we paint red stars  
     For MIG 21's that land on Mars
5.   We chase them up to forty four  
     That Phantom II ain't got much more
6.   The throttle's set right at full bore  
     We'll never catch that little whore
7.   Then they start home and Casey calls  
     We're letting down, no sweat at all
8.   We're coming in with thirteen crews  
     Twelve MIG 21's coming in with thirteen crews
9.   The moral of this story is clear  
     When you first start home check your rear
10.  'Cause if you don't you're sure to find  
     A MIG 21 tucked in behind.

RAIL CUTTERS  
(Tune - Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill to cut  
That streak of railroad track  
But I'm afraid that all I did  
Was dodge that flying flak  
I know that one is all it takes  
To blow my arse apart  
Why can't I get just one rail cut  
And melt your cold, cold heart.

### THE JUSMAG SONG

In Ubon town of ill repute  
Where volley-ball is in dispute  
We've got a team, who's really beaut  
It's the Stines who else.  
Each Saturday, it's always on  
A battle sport in old Ubon  
To JUSMAG then, we sing this song  
To show you how we feel,  
Haar, Haar, Haar, Haar  
Piss on JUSMAG.

### THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

The prettiest girl I ever saw  
Was sipping Bourbon through a straw  
The prettiest girl I ever saw  
Was sipping Bourbon through a straw.  
  
And now and then the straw would slip  
And I'd sip Bourbon through her lips  
And now and then the straw would slip  
And I'd sip Bourbon through her lips.  
  
And now I've got a mother-in-law  
From sipping Bourbon through a straw  
The moral of this story is clear  
Don't sip a Bourbon, sip a beer.

### IT'S TRAGIC

You smile, your teeth fall out, you hair smells like suuerkruat  
It's tragic  
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair  
It's tragic  
It takes one look to know you have no charms  
You're just a bag of bones with long, surrounding arms  
Your eyes are big and round  
There's one that's blue and one that's brown  
It's tragic  
You part your hair in place  
And it keeps sliding down your face  
It's tragic  
As I tell myself these things that happen are not really true  
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you.

### TELL ME WHY

Tell me why, the ivy twines  
Tell me why, the stars do shine  
Tell me why, the O'cean's blue  
I'll tell you why, It's because I love you  
Because God made, the ivy twine  
Because God made, the stars to shine  
Because God made, the ocean's blue  
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE  
(Tune - Dixie)

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"Take it out! Take it out! Take it out! REMOVE IT!"

Oh, I took my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"Put it back! Put it back! Put it back! REPLACE IT!"

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"Turn it 'round! Turn it 'round! Turn it 'round! REVOLVE IT!"

Oh, I turned my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"Turn it back! Turn it back! Turn it back! REVERSE IT!"

Oh, I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"Slow it down! Slow it down! Slow it down! RETARD IT!"

Oh, I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hold,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"Role it 'round! Roll it 'round! Roll it 'round! ROTATE IT!"

Oh, I rotated my finger in the woodpecker's hold,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my foul!"  
"Do it again! Do it again! Do it again! REPEAT IT!"

Oh, I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"In and out! In and out! In and out! RECIPROCATE IT!"

Oh, I pulled my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul!"  
"What athrill! What a thrill! What a thrill! REVOLTING!"

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,  
O'Loary was closing the bar, when he turned and said to the  
lady in red,

"Get out" you can't stay where you are.  
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,  
As she throught of the cold night ahead.

Then a gentleman dapper, stepped out of the crapper,  
And these were the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know  
About the ways to fly, fly boys and how they come and go.  
She's lost her youth and her beauty, and life has left it's  
sad scar

So remember your mothers and sisters, boys, and let her sleep  
under the bar.

I DONT WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE

CHORUS:

I DONT WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE  
I DONT WANT TO GO TO WAR  
I JUST WANT TO HANG AROUND  
PICCADILLY UNDERGROUND  
LIVING OFF THE EARNINGS OF A HIGH-BORN LADY

I dont want a bullet up my arschole,  
I dont want my bollocks shot away  
I'd rather be in England  
In jolly, jolly England  
And fornicate me bloody life away, GOR BLIMEY  
Call out the Army and the Navy  
Call out the boys of the old Brigade  
You can call out me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for gods sake dont call me, GOR BLIMEY  
CHORUS

On Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress  
Thursday night She asked me home to tea, GOR BLIMEY  
Friday night I put my hand upon it  
On saturday night she gave my balls a tweak  
On sunday after supper, I shoved the whole lot up her  
And now I'm paying seven and six a week. GOR BLIMEY  
CHORUS.

HOW HE TRIED

He tried me on the sofa  
He tried me on the chair  
He tried me on the window-sill  
But he couldn't get it there  
He tried me on the verandah  
I stood against the wall  
I even sat on the floor  
But it wouldn't work at all  
He worked it back and forwards  
He tried both front and rear  
But it was all too useless  
His thing was out of gear  
He tried it this and that way  
And Oh, how I did laugh  
To see how many ways he tried  
to take my photograph.....

ICE ON THE RICE

When the ice is on the rice in old Tsuiki  
And the Saki in the cellar starts to freeze  
When you turn to her and say "My Darling Dozo"  
Then youre turning just a skoshi nipponese

THE WILD WEST SHOW

CHORUS:

OH, WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WILD WEST SHOW  
THE ELEPHANT AND THE KANGAROO  
NEVER MIND THE WEATHER  
AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER  
WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WILD WEST SHOW

Now here, ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have  
the laughing hyena.  
This animal lives in the mountains and once every year he comes down  
to eat.  
Once every two years he comes down to drink and every three years he  
comes down for sexual intercourse.  
What the fucking hell he has to laugh about I don't know.  
CHORUS.

And in the next cage we have a giraffe. This creature is the most  
popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into  
a bar he says "The highballs are on me".  
CHORUS.

And in the next cage we have the Mountain Goat. This beast leaps  
from precipice to precipice and back again for another piss.  
CHORUS.

And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have the Urangutang. As this  
animal proceeds from branch to branch, swinging through the forest,  
his balls go urang-a-tang, urang-a-tang.  
CHORUS.

And in the next cage we have the Rhino-Saurus. This is  
reputed to be the richest animal in the world. Its name is derived  
from the Latin - rhino meaning money and sore arse meaning piles -  
hence piles of money.  
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the Oster-reich. This animal  
at the first sign of danger, buries its head in the sand and whistles  
through the whole of the afternoon.  
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the Keerie bird. This bird  
lives in the Antarctic and every time it comes into land on the ice  
it says "Keerie, Keerie, Keerist its cold".  
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the leopard. Yes, the leopard on its  
coat has one spot for every day of the year. What about a Leap Year?  
George lift up the leopard's tail.  
CHORUS

And in this cage we have the Wink Wank bird. By some strange  
happening, the nervous system of this bird's eyelids is connected to  
its foreskin. Everytime it winks, it wanks, and everytime it wanks,  
it winks. You boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eyes.  
CHORUS

And here is the elephant. The elephant has a ginormous appetite. In  
one day it eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas, and  
twenty buckets of rice. Madam, don't stand too near the elephant's  
tail. Madam - Madam. Too late. George, dig her out.

(WILD WEST SHOW (CONT'D))

And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Oozle Woozle bird. These birds fly in line ahead formation and, at the first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the arse of the bird in front and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies round in ever decreasing circles, finally disappearing up its own orifice from which position it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.  
CHORUS

And in the next cage we have the Triangular. This animal has a triangular orifice - hence the pyramids and the sign of the YMCA.  
CHORUS

THE AUSTRALIANAISE  
(Tune - Onward Christian Soldiers)

Fellers of Australia  
Blokes and coves and coots  
Shift yer bloody carcasses  
Move yer bloody boots  
Gird yer bloody loins up  
Git yer bloody gun  
And get the bloody enemy  
Watch the bastards run  
CHORUS

CHORUS:  
GIT A BLOODY MOVE ON  
HAVE SOME BLOODY SENSE  
LEARN THE BLOODY ART OF  
SELF DE-BLOODY-FENCE

When the bloody bugle  
Sounds ad-bloody-vance  
Dont be like a flock of sheep  
In a bloody trance  
Biff the bloody foreman  
Where it dont agree  
Spiffler-bloody-cate him to  
Eternii-bloody-ty.  
CHORUS

Have some bloody brains  
beneath yer bloody lids  
Swing a bloody sabre for the  
Missus and the kids  
Chuck supporting lamp posts  
An striking bloody lights  
Support a bloody family an  
Strike for yer bloody rights.  
CHORUS

Fellers of Australier  
Cobbers, chaps and mates  
Hear the bloody enemy  
Kickin at the gates  
Blow the bloody bugle  
Beat the bloody drum  
Uppercut and out the cow  
to Kingdom bloody come  
CHORUS

PEES  
(Tune - Trees)

I think that there can never be  
A thing so lovely as a pee  
A pee that gives your bladder rest  
And pulls your balls down from your chest  
A pee that takes away the beer  
And leaves a feeling wondrous queer

Ten thousand lamp-posts for a pup  
An oak tree for a youth grown up  
But be it man or be it dog  
Who only wants to piss not bog,  
Jerries were made for maids you see  
But only man can stand to pee

TATTOOED LADY  
(Tune - My Indiana Home)

I married me a tattooed lady  
To roam around her body was a treat  
And every night before retiring  
I'd pull the covers back and take a peek  
Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee  
And tattooed on her back was dear old Hackensack  
From the State of New Jersey  
Now on her chest was West Virginia  
Through those hills I loved to roam  
But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Wabash  
Then I recognized my Indiana home

HOME PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE  
(Tune - Through the night of doubt and sorrow)

Home presents a dismal picture  
Dark and gloomy as the tomb  
Father has an anal stricture  
Mothers got a fallen womb

Brother James has been deported  
For a homosexual crime  
Jane our maid has just aborted  
For the thirty second time

Sis has chronic menstruation  
Never laughs and never smiles  
Mines a bloody occupation  
Cracking ice for father's piles

Aunty Kate has diarroehea  
Shits ten times more than she ought  
Stands all day beside the rear  
Lest she should be taken short

But we Must not be downhearted  
We must not be put about  
Cousin Susie has just farted  
Turned her arsehole inside out

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE  
(Tune - My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy  
Yes, in peace time they're anxious to serve  
But just let them get into trouble  
And they'll call out the goddamn reserves.

CHORUS:       CALL OUT, CALL OUT  
              CALL OUT THE GODDAMN RESERVES, RESERVES  
              CALL OUT, CALL OUT  
              OH, CALL OUT THE GODDAMN RESERVES.

Here's to the regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call out the goddamn reservists  
Whenever the crap hits the fan.

CHORUS.

They call up the war weary pilots  
They ask for the drafted young man  
They send the reserves to Korea  
But the regulars stay in Japan.

CHORUS.

So here's to the regular Air Force  
With their medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the goddamn reservists  
Their arse would be dragging the floor.

CHORUS.

SPOT PROMOTION  
(Tune - Cold, Cold Heart)

I've tried, so hard, my friend, to think  
That rank was worth a lot  
But now you've gone and got yourself  
Promoted to a spot  
Your job is one that could be down  
By any little boggy  
How can I get your arse shipped out  
And get that spot for me.

You'll be a full wheel soon, my friend  
Of that I have no doubt  
The list's being changed right now  
They ripped it inside out  
Group Captain, Wing CO  
The staff all gets one stripe  
At least we'll have some rank around  
To help us fight the strife.

Another week or two in rank  
We'll put you in again  
You needn't wait to learn your job  
That's for enlisted men  
The only thing I envy is  
The talent that you got  
How can I get your arse shipped out  
And get your open slot.



CIGARETTES AND SAKI AND WILD, WILD JOSUN

CHORUS:

CIGARETTES AND SAKI AND WILD, WILD JOSUN  
THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE  
CIGARETTES AND SAKI AND WILD, WILD JOSUN  
THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY 'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE

Now once I was happy, I had a dear wife  
I had enough yen, to last all my life  
I met with a josun, we went on a spree  
She started me smoking, and drinking saki  
CHORUS

I got into bed, there some sleep for to get  
She said no sleep fly-boy, I no tired yet  
I woke the next morning, a quarter past ten  
I was missin' my wallet and ten thousand yen  
CHORUS

Now back in Shitoshi, I'm limping about  
Me and the doctor, are sweating it out  
He gave me some pills, from a jug on the shelf  
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself  
CHORUS

COOL

COOL, COOL, COOL, COOL  
As cool as the nipple on a witch's tit  
As cool as a glacier's bottom less pit  
As cool as a frog in a half frozen pool  
As cool as the tip of a Laplander's tool  
As cool as an icicle on a pane of frosty glass  
As cool as the cheeks of a Clammy frog's arse  
As cool as an Eskimo, gloomy and glum  
As cool as the hairs on a Polar Bear's bum  
As cool as the ice when it starts to thaw  
As cool as the love of an elderly whore  
As cool as charity - and thats bloody chilly  
But none so cool as my girl friend Tilly

THE OLD MILK RUN  
(Tune - The Band Played On)

Night after night you will find us in flight  
On the Old Milk Run  
Sunset to Dawn, you will find us airborne  
On the Old Milk Run  
We look at our clocks, watch the old black box  
Believe me it isn't much fun  
Through the rain and shit, and theres plenty of it  
On the Old Milk Run

NAZIS WITH PROBLEMS  
(Tune - Col BOGIE.)

Hitler, has only one big ball  
Rommel has two, but they are small  
Himmler, has something similar  
But poor of Goebbels, has no balls at all

HUMORESQUE  
(Tune - Dvorak's Humoresque)

Passengers will please refrain  
From passing water while the train  
Is standing in the station, or at rest  
Tramps and Hoboes underneath  
Might get it in their hair and teeth  
Which really is 'nt what they like best

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station, yes indeed  
Whilst the train is in the station  
We encourage constipation  
A little self-control is what you need

If you really must pass water  
Would you please inform the porter  
Who'll place a vessel in the vestibule  
Whilst the train is in the station  
We encourage constipation  
That is why we have to make this rule

Passengers will please refrain  
From passing water while the train  
Is standing in the station, I love you  
As we go strolling through the park  
And goosing shadows in the dark  
If Shermans horse can take it, why cant you

You're the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down  
Ever since you met my daughter  
She's had trouble passing water  
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down  
Since I met your daughter Venus  
I've had trouble with my Penis  
Wish I'd never seen this bloody town

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT  
(Actions Speak Louder Than Words)

CHORUS:  
SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT  
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME  
SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT  
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see  
Coming for to carry me home  
A band of angels looking after me  
Coming for to carry me home

CHORUS

### THE PIG GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY

One evening in October, when I was far from sober  
To keep my feet from wandering I tried  
My poorlegs were all a flutter, so I lay down in the gutter;  
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.  
We sang "Never mind the weather, just as long as we're together",  
Till a lady passing by was heard to say -  
"You can tell a man who boozes by the company he chooses",  
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

CHORUS: YES THE PIG GOT UP AND SLOWLY WALKED AWAY  
SLOWLY WALKED AWAY, SLOWLY WALKED AWAY  
YES THE PIG GOT UP, AND THEN SMILED AND WINKED AT ME  
AS HE SLOWLY WALKED AWAY.

On cattle shows I've centred: in one pig I entered  
And one day I sat down with him in his sty  
Famous people came to visit, when a sweet voice said "That is it?"  
I looked up and Greta Garbo caught my eye.  
She said "What a lovely fella", poked the pig with her umbrella  
Then she looked at me awhile and whispered "Say!  
Yeah, ay tank dis iss hees brudder" - at my side I felt a shudder  
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

CHORUS.

### THE PICKLES FEW

The Horse and the Cow live thirty years  
And nothing know of Wines and Beers.  
The Goats and Sheep at twenty die  
With ne'er a taste of Scotch or Rye.  
The Sow drinks water by the ton  
And at eighteen is nearly done.  
The Dog at fifteen cashes in  
Without the aid of Rum and Gin.  
The Cat in milk and water soaks  
And then at twelve short years it croaks.  
The modest sober home dry hen  
Lays eggs for years and dies at ten.  
All animals are strictly dry  
They simply live and simply die.  
But sinful, Ginful, Rum soaked Men  
Survive for three score years and ten.  
And some of them, the mighty FEW  
Stay pickled till they're ninety-two.

### DEPAIR LOVES US (Tune - Jesus loves me)

Depair loves us, this we know,  
For the Grouper tells us so,  
We are weak and they are strong,  
All P.O.'s to them belong.  
Yes, Depair loves us,  
Yes, Depair loves us,  
Yes, Depair loves us,  
They do, like bloody hell.

THE SHORES OF OLD MILNE BAY  
(Tune - The Marine's Hymn)

There was once a gang of Japanese  
Who hailed from Tokyo was  
They'd been told of South Expansion  
A new Empire, come what may  
Had not Heaven assured their Emperor  
That 'o'er the South he would hold sway  
But their cherished hopes were blasted  
On the shores of old Milne Bay

CHORUS:

AND WE PLANTED 'EM, THE BASTARDS  
ON THE SHORES OF OLD MILNE BAY

There was once a bunch of Aussies  
Who were posted to old Milne Bay  
They were tough and tall and ugly  
Resourceful, bright and gay  
So they took off in their fighters  
And they shot Nips down that day  
And we planted 'em, the bastards  
On the shores of old Milne Bay  
CHORUS

There arose some mighty heroes  
On the shores of old Milne Bay  
Dip the lid to blokes like Truscott  
And shout Hip-Hooray'  
For he got right in among them  
With Turnbull too, they say  
And we planted Nips by thousands  
On the shores of old Milne Bay  
CHORUS

Yes, we licked the yellow bastards  
On the shores of old Milne Bay  
Let 'em come then in their thousands  
And we'll stuff 'em any day  
Oh, we bombed and strafed and sunk 'em  
And we mowed 'em down like hay  
And we planted 'em, the bastards  
On the shores of Old Milne Bay  
CHORUS

THE BUMBLE BEE  
(Tune - Sambo was a lazy coon)

Sambo was a lazy coon  
He'd go to sleep all afternoon  
Lazy was he, Lazy was he  
Often to the woods he'd creep  
Just to have a quiet sleep  
Under a tree  
When along came a bee, singing this song  
BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ  
Go away you bumble bee  
I ain't no rose  
I ain't no prairie flower, get off my bloody nose  
Get off my sexual organ, you can't stay there  
But if you want some fun, you can try my bum  
But you won't find honey there

Oh, it's Beer, Beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the Bar, In the Bar  
Oh, It's Beer, Beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the Officers' Stag Bar

CHORUS:

MY EYES ARE DIM, I CANNOT SEE  
I HAVE NOT BROUGHT MY SPECS WITH ME

Standard Verse:

Oh, it's.....  
That makes you.....  
In the Bar, In the Bar..  
Oh, it's.....  
That makes you.....  
In the Officers' Stag Bar.

CHORUS

INSERT:

Whiskey	-	That makes you feel so frisky
Gin	-	That makes you want to sin
Vodka	-	That makes you feel you oughta
Sautern	-	That makes your belly burn
Vermouth	-	That makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon	-	That makes you feel like perkin'
Wine	-	That makes you feel so fine
Rum	-	That makes you feel so dumb
Rye	-	That makes you feel so shy
Barcardi	-	That makes you feel so hearty
Red	-	That makes you feel so dead
Scotch	-	That makes you feel top notch
Port	-	That makes you want to court
Lager	-	That makes you want anudder
Pimms	-	That makes you sing some Hymns
Brandy	-	That makes you feel so randy
Likker	-	That makes you even sikker
Sherry	-	That makes you feel so hairy
Booze	-	That makes you want to snooze

KNACKERS  
(Tune - Col. Bogie)

Don't throw the piss-pot at 'im  
Wait 'til he gets in bed

And grab his knackers and swing 'em around his head  
Knackers, you clang 'em on the bed  
Knackers, go off like crackers  
Just like they have the monkeys in the zoo

SNIPPET, COURTESY T.P. BODY  
(Tune - The Pub With No Beer)

Oh, well it's lonesome away, from your woman and all  
With a pain in the gut, from a big lover's ball  
But there's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear  
Than to sleep with a barmaid, who's got gonorrhoea

### THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The cammel desires of the camel,  
Are greater than anyone thinks,  
This perverted and passionate mammel,  
Has designs on the hole of the Sphinx.

But the Sphinx's posterior organs,  
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump of the camel  
And the, Sphinx's inscrutable smilc.

### THE FAMOUS FUMBLING THIRD (Tune - MacNamara's Band)

We're here to tell a tale, of the famous fumbling third,  
They drifted up North, to join the mighty Magpie herd,  
We were sitting here before 'em, quaffing down the brew  
They don't belong on a fighter base, but what can the OC do.

CHORUS: OH LA DA DA DA, LA DA DA DA  
LA DA DA DA DA DA  
OH THEY DON'T BELONG ON A FIGHTER BASE  
BUT WHAT CAN THE OC DO.

They fly their old Mirages, They take off after dark  
They don't know where they're going, they're justup for a lark  
They never brief, they always rave, fly strickly on a hunch  
Their callsshould be "BANANA", 'cause they fly in such a bunch.

CHORUS.

### STUFF DEPAIR (Tune - Tit Willow)

A pilot lay dying on Malaysian soil.  
Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair!  
And with his last gasp he gave out the good oil,  
Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair!  
And the reason they gave for his being dead meat,  
Was that he had had stuff all but baked beans to eat,  
So join the this chorus, with fervour andheat,  
Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair! Stuff Depair!

### SWEET FANNY ADAMS

Sweet Fanny Adams, always so blithe and gay,  
Carved her name on an old oak tree, one day in May,  
But the woodpecker came in September  
And the woodpecker would peck away,  
Now all that is left on the old oak tree,  
Is sweet F.A.

### FATHER'S SITTING ON THE CISTERN (Tune - John Crown's Body)

Father's sitting on the cistern,  
Mother's playing with the chain,  
When she accidentally pulled it,  
Father went a guster down the drain.

A TOAST TO THE MAGPIES  
(Tune - This Old House)

This ole team 'll never need revision  
This ole team has quite a crew  
This ole team has survived on skill  
It's the Magpies, no doubt you knew  
This ole team flys Mirage III O's  
This ole team has lots of charm  
Our Commander said the other day  
"I'm proud of my boys, they're so calm".

They're gonna need this team forever,  
They're gonna fly this team much more,  
We've got time to learn to fight  
We've got time to even the score  
We've got nerve to fly to the limits.  
And the guts to keep control  
And when we return after much success  
We're cleared for a victory roll.

This ole team can fly in weather  
This ole team can fly in rain  
This ole team has whips and aces  
We hack anything without much strain  
This ole team has high ideals  
This ole team can't go astray  
'Cause we're just a squadron of Miracles  
Awaiting reward on judgement day.

GRACE

Her name was Grace, she was one of the best  
And that was the night, I had her to test.  
I looked at her with joy and delight  
For she was mine for all that night.

She looked so pretty, so sweet, so slim,  
The night was dark, the light was dim.  
I was so excited my heart missed a beat,  
For I knew that I was in for a treat.

I had seen her stripped, I had seen her bare,  
I had felt her over everywhere,  
But that was the night I liked her best,  
And if you'll wait, I'll tell you the rest.

I got inside her, she screamed with joy,  
For that was her first night out with a boy.  
I got up high as quick as I could,  
I handled her swell, she was Oh, so good!

I turned her over on her side,  
Then on her back, Oh, how I tried.  
It was a thrill, she's the best of the lot  
That Mirage jet fighter the Magpies have got.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SOME SEX  
(Tune - There Is Nothing Like A Dame )

We got beer in nine ounce glasses  
We get cigarettes in tins  
We get drunk each Friday evening  
We get CB from the OC  
When he gets back all our cheques  
What Dont we get  
We dont get sex

CHORUS:

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SOME SEX  
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD  
THOUGH IT'S PERFECTLY COMPLEX  
THERE IS NOTHING QUITE LIKE SEX

Pilots need some recreation  
When hard flying has been done  
And what better recreation  
Than a spot of harmless fun  
We forsake our bullshit castle  
For a spot thats marked XX  
What do we want  
We all want sex  
CHORUS

THE FASCINATING BITCH  
(Tune - The Glow Worm)

I wish I were a fascinating bitch  
I'd never poor, I'd always be rich  
I'd live in a house with a little red light  
I'd sleep all day and work all night

I'd take a vacation once in a while  
Just to make my clients turn violet  
I wish I were a fascinating bitch  
Instead of just a pure little pilot

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER  
(Tune - Silver Threads Among the Gold)

When your leaves have turned to silver  
Will you love us just the same  
Oh, we'll always call you bastard  
Isn't it a bloody shame

To the days at old Butterworth  
And the parties that we knew  
When your leaves have turned to silver  
You can stick them up your flue

CHIN CHIN CHINAMAN

Chin Chin Chinaman, walking down the strand  
Stony broke, wants a poke, penis in hand  
Up comes poxy lil, he doesn't care a rap  
Three days later, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP



PAINFUL POEMS

(Tune - Through the night of doubt and sorrow)

Uncle Dick and Auntie Mable,  
Fainted at the breakfast table.  
This should be sufficient warning,  
Not to do it in the morning.

Ovaltine has set them right,  
And now they do it every night.  
Uncle Dick is hoping soon,  
To do it in the afternoon.

Uncle Dick has much improved  
Since he had his balls removed.  
Not only has he lost desire,  
He now sings treble in the choir.

Little Francis, home from school,  
Picked up baby by the tool;  
Mother said "now Master Francis -  
Don't spoil baby's bloody chances!

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
Her knickers all tattered and torn,  
It wasn't a spider that sat down beside her,  
But Little Boy Blue with his horn.

IF  
(Apologies to Kipling)

If you can keep your wife when all around you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
And keep the faith of wives when all men doubt you,  
And there is damn good reason for them doubting you;  
If you can meet a girl and take her virtue  
Before you've even time to learn her name,  
And say to virgins "This is going to hurt you"  
And yet go on and do it just the same;  
If you don't hesitate when she says "Maybe"  
But lead her on with every sort of lie,  
And when she says she's going to have a baby  
Just quickly lift your hat and say "Goodbye";  
If you can meet a new girl every minute  
And not be faithful to a single one,  
Yours is the earth and every woman in it  
And what is more, you'll be a cad, my son!

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley was sifting cinders  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
The wind from her bloomers broke six windows  
And the cheeks of her arse went BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

BE KIND TO YOUR WEB-FOOTED FRIENDS

Be kind to your web-footed friends,  
For a duck may be somebody's uncle;  
Be kind to your friends in the swamp,  
Where the weather is very, very damp.  
Now you may think this is the end,  
Well, it is!

## ODE TO THREE SQUADRON

Whether over the land or the sea  
And a ragged formation you see  
Don't worry too much  
We assure you that such  
Is the Standard Procedure at Three

If you pull only two little "G"  
No holes in your aircraft there'll be  
You'll never be hacked  
You just can't be tracked  
Its the Standard Procedure at Three

When next you're up near Langkawi  
And a stray empty drop tank you see  
Just keep it in mind  
You're sure that you'll find  
Its the Standard Procedure at Three

Your house isn't safe, so say we  
From shell or a bomb you'll agree  
In the bedroom or bath  
It sure is a laugh  
'Cause it's the Standard Procedure at Three

Their circuit is something to see  
It extends from Taiping to Langkawi  
We often get frights  
When they're flying their kites  
But it's Standard Procedure at Three

All the Reds in Malaysia agree  
They'll never have reason to flee  
The bombing is poor  
And you can be sure  
That it's the Standard Procedure at Three

If you're up in your jet flying free  
and a chamber you happen to see  
Its just a disgrace  
To the Whole Human Race  
But that's Standard Procedure at Three

So join us in our plea  
That we're never posted to Three  
We'd rather be dead  
Than touched in the head  
But that's Standard Procedure at Three

### CAVIAR

(Tune - Ruben, Ruben, I've been thinking)

Caviar comes from the virgin Sturgeon  
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish  
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'  
That's why Caviar is my dish.

Shad, Roe comes from the scarlet Shad Fish  
Shad fish have a very sorry fate  
Pregnant Shad Fish is a sad fish  
Gets that way without a mate.

Oysters, they are fishy bivalves  
They have youngsters in their shell  
How they diddle is a riddle  
But they do, so what the hell.

The green sea Turtle's mate is happy  
With her lover's winning ways  
First he grips her with his flippers  
Then he grips and flips for days.

Mrs. Clam is optimistic  
Shoots her eggs out in the sea  
Hopes her suiter is a shooter  
Hits the self-same spot as she.

Give a thought\*to the happy Cod fish  
Always there when duty calls  
Female Cod fish is an odd fish  
From them too came Cod fish balls.

The Trout is just a little salmon  
Just half grown and minus scales  
But the Trout, just like the salmon  
Can't get on, without it's tail.

Lucky fish are the Ray fish  
When for youngsters they essay  
Yes, my hearties, they have parties  
In the good old-fashioned way.

I fed Caviar to my girlfriend  
She's a virgin needs no urgin'  
Now that virgin needs no urgin'  
There ain't NOTHIN' she won't do.

I fed Caviar to my grand-pa  
He was a lad of ninety-three  
Shrieks of laughter cam from grand-ma  
Grand-pa had her up a tree.

### THE NURSEMAID'S LAMENT

(Tune - Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star)

Arsehole! Piddle! Buggar! Dam!  
Someone stole my bloody pram.  
I don't care a bugger,  
I'll go and get another.  
Arsole! Piddle! Buggar! Dam!  
Someone stole my bloody pram.